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W. R. HEARST.
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BELATED WISDOM OF SPAIN.

Indications are rife that the stubbornness and bigotry of the Spanish Government are unwillingly bending before the storm of facts. Only a few weeks ago a howl of wrath arose in that benighted land at any intimation, either at home or abroad, that a change of the policy which always makes ruthless oppression the first choice of the Spanish mind would become compulsory. The cry from Prime Minister to peasant voiced a demand that Cuba should be ravaged from end to end; that every able-bodied Cuban should be shot or banished before Government relaxed in one jot or tittle of concession. Let the rebels lay down their arms and bend their necks meekly under the Spanish heel—then it would be time enough to consider how far Spanish dignity could afford to dispense her crumbs of reform.

But even Spain, the most obstinate and implacable of European nations, now seems to see some rays of truth, unwelcome as it is. The public journals, not only of the opposition but some of them ministerial, have lately dropped hints that a new regime of Spanish policy must be enforced. The country has leaked dry of her money and of her fighting men available to die by bullet or disease. The Cuban patriot is unconquerable as ever. The spirit of the Cortez is feeling its way to a new administration.

Pursuant to this we now have the news that the butcher Weyler, a worthy successor of bloody Alva in temper though not in ability, will probably be replaced by a new viceroy. Even if Weyler directs the operations in the field—and nothing better could befall his opponents—another will bridle his methods. Should this report prove true, the logic of the change would be in a Governor-General utterly averse to the Weyler theories of administration. Again it has been intimated with some force of probable authority that a project already submitted to Secretary Olney offers substantial reforms to Cuba, specially in the matter of her own control of island taxation. The gist of this proposition is that it shall be offered to the Cuban insurgents as guaranteed by the United States.

But if the temper of the Cubans is expressed in their downright assertions on this question of submission, subject to the guarantee of reforms, they will reject the olive branch, no matter how temptingly it may be offered them. Once before they yielded to the blandishments of their half-conquered tyrants, and the fruit of submission turned to Dead Sea apples. They will scarcely make a second mistake or accept any intervention, except that intervention cleaves to the marrow of things.

Three times in the darkest days of the Revolution Great Britain offered the revolted colonies all they had originally asked in the way of righted wrongs. But the spirit of independence had flamed to fierce incandescence, and that white light showed the logic of events to be absolute freedom without an alternative. If the Cuban patriots are true to themselves that, too, will be their invincible spirit. And they must now know that it is but a little more battle and struggle to win, even without the help of the great Republic where dearth of action matched verbal exuberance of sympathy. To have conquered without the backing of a France in soldiers, money and ships will be a shining garland for newly born Cuba.

Whatever disposition Spain may now display, it will be belated wisdom. She has practically already lost her magnificent colony. And, what is most significant of all, there is scarcely a civilized nation which will grieve for the dismemberment. "The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceedingly fine." The philosophy of history is working another of its inexorable syllogisms to a close. Cuba Libre will speedily cease to be a mirage if the Cubans continue loyal to their own honor and duty, and that but a little longer.

THE MOTE AND THE BEAM.

The Legislature of Nevada has enacted and the Governor of the State has signed a law permitting glove contests—less euphemistically known as prize fights—to take place in that State, and fixing a license fee of $1,000 for each contest. The measure is properly construed as an invitation to those eminent bruisers Corbett and Fitzsimmons to visit Nevada and adjust their differences.

Virtuous indignation will presently be expressed by most of the New York newspapers over this action of the Nevada solons, and indeed yesterday one paper described it as an evidence of "declining civilization," and an act which made even Kansas seem respectable.

Perhaps, however, criticism of this sort comes with a certain bad grace from organs of public opinion in a State which has itself legalized prize fighting, and in a city in which prize fights are quite as frequent as grand opera and draw quite as large crowds. Nothing but a strained construction of the law under which the Dixon-Murphy fight was held in Broadway could furnish reason for prohibiting the Corbett-Fitzsimmons meeting in New York. And it is not recalled that the despised Kansas or the depraved Nevada has yet afforded to other States of the Union a lesson in refinement by permitting a prize fighter to be killed in a public ring before 6,000 spectators in the first thoroughfare of the first city of the State.

Let us pluck forth the beam in our own eye before we deplore the presence of the mote in Nevada's optic.

THE PROSPECTS OF AIR TRAVEL.

In Professor Langley's report to the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution there is encouragement that the problem of aeronautics is practically solved. His experiments in this direction have been well known to the world, and he shares with Hiram Maxim the credit of persistent and effective enthusiasm. He writes:

On May 16 last a mechanism built chiefly of steel and driven by a steam engine made two flights of over half a mile. Since that time this result has been nearly doubled. In each case there was no support from gas. The machine was a thousand or more times heavier than the air in which it was made to move. Dr. Alexander Graham Bell witnessed the first of these, and communicated the statements of results to the Academy of France. This, of course, has been before the scientific world. I do not know how far interest in this work may bias my judgment, but it appears to me that in these things, the final accomplishment of which has come under the charge of the Smithsonian Institution, it has made a contribution to the utilities of the world which will be memorable.

The practicability of the aeroplane on a small scale was long since demonstrated, and with the discovery of a cheap process of making aluminium, the lightest of metals, the greatest difficulty was removed. The aeroplane, it need scarcely be said, dispenses with all extraneous lifting power, and goes through the air on the principle of a wedge. Its flotation is the logical result of swiftness of movement. The compensation for gravity with due reference to the weight of the machine and its burden, to be made by a given rate of velocity, can be easily calculated. It is a question of exact mathematics. The difficulty of steering the air ship has been met by an apparatus of huge fans, and the propelling power of steam or electricity made effective by the principle of the screw.

That controllable aerial travel is practicable is beyond scepticism. Its commercial use seems to be only a question of time. How far it could ever be utilized for heavy freights is questionable. But that it will lend unknown comfort and delight to passenger travel can be easily fancied. The inventor of the new process of deriving electricity directly from coal prophesies three days as the limit of the European voyage. The aeroplane machine will greatly reduce even this marvellous speed. As a weapon of war it should belittle the deadliest destruction of current agencies.

In the present condition of science the improvement of the air machine to working usefulness involves a much shorter step than that which bridged the Newcomen and the Watts engines, or the arc and the incandescent systems of lighting. Travellers, when the consummation comes, will naturally be a little shy of climbing so high into the blue dome. But there were few at first willing to risk their necks in Stephenson's new-fangled coaches or in Fulton's steamboat.

WHO WAS THE CULPRIT?

There was plenty of joy at the Platt dinner in Albany, it seems, until the diners sat down to eat. Then it was discovered that somebody had stolen the dinner. This was bad enough, but it was only the beginning of the evening's trouble. Pretty soon Berry Wall, ex-king of the dudes, found that his pockets had been picked of a gold watch and $100 in money. When the meeting adjourned it came out that five overcoats, the property of enthusiastic participants, had been purloined.

Strange to say, nobody appears to have remarked the fact that among those present was Lou V. Payn.

NEED OF A TROTTING TRACK.

The Executive Committee of the Driving Club of New York has been wrestling with a problem. The owner of that antediluvian trotting track known as Fleetwood Park demanded from the club a larger rental than was paid in previous years if it desired to occupy the premises during the coming season. The committee did not feel disposed to yield up the extra dollars, and, though an arrangement will probably be effected, the club's lack of a local habitation has necessitated the withholding of the programme considerably beyond the time when it should have been announced. This state of affairs is not only unnecessary, but absurd.

The men interested in trotting in this vicinity represent many millions of dollars. They justly boast that their sport enlists the sympathies of many more solid, reputable and wealthy citizens than does the running turf. At any meeting that has been held at Fleetwood Park, even of late years, though the status of the Driving Club has sunk rather than risen, the show of millionaires has been remarkable. Yet this aggregation of rich men have been content to use a track so inadequate and badly constructed that displays of great speed or even first-class contests on it have been impossible, and that a very small proportion of the spectators could view a race throughout. Now, because the owner of this property is trying to squeeze the last remnant of juice out of this already well-squeezed orange, the Executive Committee of the Driving Club is mourning its evil luck and wondering what should be done under such disadvantageous circumstances.

No prophet is needed to say what should be done, apart from the fact that Fleetwood Park will inevitably be soon cut up for building purposes. The rich members of the Driving Club would scarcely feel the expense of constructing such a track as would do credit to their favorite sport, and would give it a vastly better chance to flourish hereabouts than it has ever yet had. Few cities have surrounding country better suited for the construction of race tracks than New York. Long Island abounds in suitable sites, and if the members of the club object to crossing a ferry, Westchester County will furnish grounds easily accessible by road. It is sometimes made a ground of complaint by trotting horse men that they are much less kindly treated by the daily press of the metropolis than the adherents of the running turf. The existing situation, with its many opera bouffe features, would furnish material for a flood of caustic comment if any animus against the trotting horse really existed.

THE LADY AND THE LION.

The report comes from Boston that Mrs. "Jack" Gardner, who has been for many years one of the most distinguished and indefatigable imitators of Mrs. Leo Hunter that this world has ever seen, has capped her long career with a golden climax by wandering about the Boston zoological garden with a half trained lion cub in tow. This daring manifestation of the power of one Athenian mind over savage brute force awakens the admiration of the New England multitude and the envy, hatred and malice of Mrs. Gardner's rivals. And yet to a woman her experience in society the placing of a lion cub in leading strings is something so easy as to be scarcely worth her while. Just think of what it means to go out into the Boston jungles and capture an avaricious Italian fiddler and two semi-insane Wagnerian singers, conduct them through the open streets and exhibit them in a drawing-room to two hundred members of the Boston aristocracy—even going to the dangerous extreme of stirring them up with a stick and making them fiddle and sing. Let us picture to ourselves for a single moment the "happy families" of Italian tenors, Polish pianists, English actors and long-haired native poets and story writers that this modern Circe used to gather about her and enchain with her mystic spell! Think of the awful risks that she has run in introducing a pianist into a company of Philistines where he is liable at any moment to hear another pianist spoken highly of! And, above all, think of that marvellous hypnotic influence exercised by this woman over her guests that made them entirely subservient to her will and enabled her, with perfect serenity of mind, to turn loose among the spoons and bric-a-brac the strange, weird specimens of exotic nobility that used to dog her footsteps! After such achievements as this the leading about of a half-grown lion cub is like rolling off a log in comparison with the most difficult feats of the Schaeffer family.

The Brooklyn Times gives the following recognition of the successful experiments of the Journal in night signalling, one of many notes of admiration and praise:

The New York Journal's plan of night signalling at sea appears to be as effective as it is simple. It has been shown that signals displayed by a ship in the light of a search-light thrown against the signals by the same ship can be readily read on a stormy night at a distance of two miles. The importance of this idea to navigation can be readily understood even by a landsman.

This illumination of the darkness of the storm by a search-light we hope will be appreciated as typical of the Journal's attitude toward the problems of the day, light thrown on the error fog and confusion of the hour and a clearer perception of the duties of man to man.

It was very thoughtful in Mr. Platt to explain just how he was overtaken by that unsought office. He might have gone further and explained how the office managed to escape the undignified and machine-like advances of Mr. Choate.

The Nevada Legislature has voted to encourage the prize-fighting industry and at the same time limit the supply of conversation in pugilistic circles.

The Stage Lord and the Real One.

During my stay in England last summer I made several studies, at both short and long range, of English nobility, for the purpose of comparing that exalted and widely imitated class with its counterpart as we find it on the American stage to-day. And I am happy to say that my investigations have served to convince me that, as in most other cases of comparison between the two countries, America is in the lead with an article that is far superior to the original.

The English nobleman whom we view from the top of an omnibus as he sits in his club window in Piccadilly or bowls through the street in his hansom cab, is not to be compared for an instant with the nobleman who steps out of the Thames cottage on the stage of the Empire Theatre and says to the menial, "You may tell her ladyship I am waiting."

This nobleman presents a far more imposing appearance than one of the old-fashioned British variety. To begin with, he is much better dressed, and the creases in his trousers have been ground to a much finer edge than any to be seen in the damp air of London. In the second place he is—thanks to his knowledge of stage artifice—a much handsomer man, and, finally, he wears that unmistakable air of haughty distinction that we find only in an actor who plays nearly the whole of the season on Broadway.

On the whole, I am inclined to the belief that our national drama, by maintaining the high standard of nobility that it does, encourages all sorts of false and romantic delusions on the part of the public—delusions that lead inevitably to the black abyss of disappointment when the discovery is made that the original English variety is in no respect equal to the American counterfeit.

In commonplace reality.

Nor does he take charge of affairs in the same lavish and imperial manner that characterizes his career behind the footlights. There is not nearly as much foreclosing of mortgages on old ruined mills in all England as there is during a single season on Broadway. It is consoling to learn that there is less actual suffering among millers' daughters than we have been led to believe, though it annoys us, perhaps, to think of the tears that we have been lured into shedding in sympathy for the innumerable maidens with broad, ribbon decked hats who have claimed our compassion.

The practice of locking ladies up in isolated stone towers on the shores of remote lakes is almost obsolete to-day in the United Kingdom, although it survives in its most attractive and hair-raising form in the playhouses of New York—notably the People's Theatre, the Grand Opera House and in darkest Brooklyn. Antiquarians have assured me that even in Ireland, where the custom lingered until a comparatively recent day, the imprisoned maidens invariably perished of hunger and thirst and were never rescued by the funny man, as we in America have been led to believe.

In fiction.

I love to think of the many stage noblemen who have flitted across my range of vision during a long period of play-going. Even at this day I can evoke from the innermost caverns of memory the figure of Lord Dundreary, who impressed my childish mind with the belief that the House of Lords was composed entirely of "haw-haw" and whiskers. Dundreary still lives in our national literature and drama, and I have seen him repeated in both times without number, and with a degree of exaggerated absurdity that would find favor at the present day with what is known as the "better element" of society. For the American stage nobleman has advanced with the changing times in personal dignity and in the popular esteem as well.

For example, there is the self-sacrificing nobleman in "Hazel Kirke," who is rejected by the fair daughter of the blind reminiscent miller—a misfortune which would never befall him in real English life. For unassuming piety, benevolence of aspect and general "high-tonedness" I will back that gentleman, whose name I have unfortunately forgotten, against a whole club wludowful of veritable English peers. Then there is Lord Drelincourt—I think that's his name—the grandfather of that now happily obsolete brat, Lord Fauntleroy. When shall I forget the solemn majesty of his appearance as he entered the drawing room of his ancestral halls in the Harlem Opera House and proceeded to shoot his cuffs in the inimitable fashion that told the tale of generations of refinement and high breeding? The finest specimen of earlhood that England of to-day can produce looks and behaves like a mere clodhopper in comparison with this splendid example of American stage workmanship. Not even on the moors of Scotland is there any such cuff-shooting to be seen as in the fancy exhibitions that our own Lord Drelincourt was wont to give us.

And while I am speaking of English noblemen, it is only fair to remark that the very worst of them are not half as bad as the wicked ones of their caste are painted on our stage. Not in many years has a will been destroyed by an English peer, but it is done every evening and at two matinees in fully one-third of the current melodramas. The poisoning of race-horses on the eve of the Derby is almost a lost art in Great Britain, and for that reason neither the daughter of the trainer nor the niece of the baronet has a chance to say: "I will ride Cougndrop myself, and ride him to victory!" and to carry out her purpose in neatly fitting knickerbockers, thereby saving the vast fortune that is staked on the contest and winning for herself the plaudits of the audience and a husband with a handle to his name.

Strict justice compels me to add that the infant progeny of wealthy families are seldom made way with in the interest of finance. But mark the depravity of many of our stage earls and barons. The whole tale may be summed up in the melodramatic lines with which we are all familiar, so frequently do they occur: "If this child lives I shall be a beggar. The child must not live."

There are no such awful doings as this in merry England.

On the whole, I am sure that the American stage nobleman can teach his English prototype so much in the way of integrity, dignity of demeanor, the creasing of trousers and the shooting of cuffs, that I am sure a visit to this country would well repay the haughtiest peer that ever sat in the upper house.

JAMES L. FORD.

FADS AND FOLLIES OF THE 400.

By Cholly Knickerbocker.

'Lisha and His Legs.

LEGS are the thing. If you would have fame cultivate legs. If you would be the envied of men and the admired of women develop legs. If you would be a leader of chappies and chappisettes look to legs. Where brains might fail and brawn would be but a barrier to success, legs will land you into the affections and the esteem of the Four Hundred.

'Lisha Dyer discovered this potential fact long ago, and being a well-balanced man—that is, one whose head is neither too light nor too heavy for his heels—he turned his knowledge to such practical personal profit that his legs are to-day the best known and the most admired of all the underpinning in the tum tum, toppy set of New York society. If it had not been for his legs 'Lisha might still be groping in the outer darkness of Providence, R. I., where he originated. As it is, he stands upon the very pinnacle of fame. He is the premier leader of the cotillion in the metropolis of America. Could human ambition demand more?

Some people have tried to push "Worthie" Whitehouse as a cotillion leader, and there is no doubt about it that his legs are mighty, mighty fine, but when it comes down to actual business 'Lisha Dyer is still "the water-million on the vine." He is the beau of the ball. When I used to see 'Lisha ornamenting the office of Ladenberg, Thalmann & Co., where he had a small place at a proportionate salary, I never thought that he would cut such a figure in society. I made the mistake of judging him by his head and not by his legs. If one presumes to forecast the future of his fellow man he should be careful to consider the subject as a whole. Ex parte evidence is always dangerous.

But if I made a mistake there were two women who did not. One was Mrs. Swan, of Baltimore, who married 'Lisha, and the other was Mrs. Ladenberg, who took him up and introduced him to Newport. As luck would have it, there was a lack of cotillon leaders at the City-by-the-Sea that Summer, and 'Lisha's legs filled the vacancy perfectly. Since then they have simply danced their way to glory. They are par excellence, incomparable, divine. If they do not lead the cotillon at Mrs. Bradley Martin's great ball it will be the first mistake that estimable lady has made since she decided to do that which so sorely disturbed the equanimity of Willie Rainsford and Russie Sage. All talk about importing a cotillon leader is sheer nonsense when 'Lisha's legs are available.

Out of Date, Out of Doors.

Some day a pair of legs will come along and out-leg 'Lisha's, I suppose, just as he came along and out-legged those of his predecessors, but they haven't made their appearance yet. "Worthie" White house led the First Assembly because the ladies who give the Assemblies prefer unmarried leaders, but he is not likely to supplant 'Lisha. He is very brisk, business-like and talkative, like all of the Whitehouses, but his hair is already very thin on top, and that very materially offsets 'Lisha's matrimonial handicap.

Before 'Lisha came to town Tom Howard, who was also a gift of Providence, (R. I.), was New York's favorite leader, but when he married Miss Rose Post he abandoned the ballroom. Poor Harry Le Grand Cannon was a capital leader, and 'Lissie Stewart's legs were very promising for a time, but 'Lissie couldn't make up his mind whether to be a cotillion leader or a statesman, and so it came about that he was neither. Still further back Delancey Kane and J. Fred Tams held the prize for legs, and somewhere in the dark ages Tom Cushing, George H. Bend and Franklin Bartlett led where the papas and mammas of to-day's dancers loved to follow. J. Wadsworth Ritchie's legs were in great demand two years ago, but he married Miss Tooker and leads no longer. A competent leader of the present time is Alexander M. Hadden, who is tall and good-looking, but too pious for the smart set. He does mission work in the slums all day, even when he dances in the mansions of the rich all night. Moreover, he refuses to confine his leadership to any one set and accepts all invitations that suit him. There is something soulful and religious in his manner that suggests a prayer meeting and makes him sui generis as a leader. The devil has a mighty poor chance when Hadden leads the dance. For this reason he is always vastly popular at the Charity ball.

Certain evidences of economy are cropping up with regard to the Bradley Martin ball that ought to be suppressed at once and forever. In the first place, the impecunious and the stingy dudes should remember that no second-hand togs will be tolerated. You can't palm off any old thing on the Bradley Martins. Their flunkeys have all been drilled in the history of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and they are far more familiar with the fashion plates of that time than they are with the names of many of the guests who have been asked to the fete. There is no chance for flim-flam in fancy dress under the eye of such experts, and you had much better stay away with the uninvited and kick than to try any such game, for detection and disgrace will surely follow.

Knows what Bradley ought to do.

Nor will it do to run haphazard at a character simply because you are unfamiliar with it. I have seen it announced that somebody was going to the ball as Henry III. of England, a mistake that would be quite as unpardonable as if he were to go as Teddy Roosevelt, Dr. Parkhurst or Russell Sage himself. Henry III. was further removed from the sacred three hundred years than the contemporaneous trinity I have mentioned. If you go out of date, you may go out of doors, as the preceding illustration shows, and as you would deserve.

And as for the proposition that the Diplomatic Corps is coming over from Washington in its ordinary court costume, all that can be said on that point is that if the Diplomatic Corps does any such thing its breach of etiquette would entitle it to share with Henry III. of England the foot of the flunkey. To ignore the date of costumes named by Mrs. Bradley Martin in her invitations would be as serious an offence as if you were to come to dine at 9 of the clock when you were asked for 8.

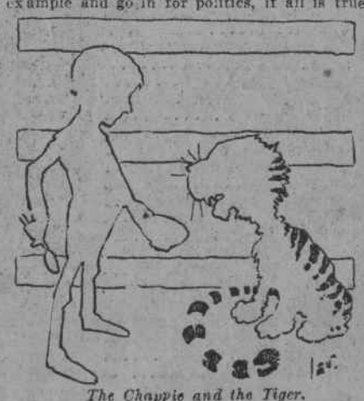
Apropos to this never ending Bradley Martin ball, I cannot refrain from printing one out of many letters I have received on this subject. It is not very complimentary to me, but it affords my artistic friend, Mr. Levering, an opportunity to picture a Bradley Martin ball critic, and the pleasure that that will give compensates me for any wound to my own amour propre. So here it is:

Dear Sir: You are a fool. You seem to think that a rich man has a right to spend his money as he pleases, so long as he keeps within the law. Well, he hasn't. Dhat right has a man to spend ten dollars for a dinner in Delmonico's when I have to dine on ten cents in a Bowery beanery? How much less right, then, has Bradley Martin to give a $250,000 ball in the Waldorf, when I must put up with a five cent ball in Park Row? If I had that $.50,000, do you know what I'd do? I'd call off that Waldorf fancy dress, buy 5,000,000 schooners of beer and ask the Greater New York and Philadelphia to have a ball with me. See?

PHILANTHROPIST.

What answer can be made to such an authority on balls as this eminent philanthropist and social economist appears to be?

Young Stewart Melly Brice, the stalwart son of ex-United States Senator Calvin S. Brice, is likely to follow his father's example and go in for politics, if all is true that I hear. They tell me that he is taking a lively interest in the Democracy of the Twenty-fifth Assembly District, and that he is already on the General Committee of Tammany Hall. Tammany isn't very popular in the Four Hundred, and all the dudes deserted it in the last election, but young Brice seems to be able to judge for himself, and do for himself, in politics and elsewhere. It is nearly four years now since he was graduated from Harvard, and with his own ability and his father's wealth and influence I can see no reason why he shouldn't cut quite a load of political ice. He won't be lonely in Tammany, either, for I hear that Cram, old chap; Bill Whitney, Perry Belmont and even Bourke Cockran are giving signs of a desire to emulate the cat.



The Chappie and the Tiger.

If Chauncey Depew should die—and may the good Lord delay the day as long as possible—neither the New York Central nor New York City would be without an after-dinner humorist, although they would both be without their greatest after-dinner humorist. George H. Daniels, the president of the Quaint Club, is the general passenger agent of Dr. Depew's road, and must have his fun, just like Chauncey. That is the reason the Quaint Club made him its president in perpetuity. Daniels is no dude, as you can readily tell from the cut of his whiskers, but when he gets started after two quarts of table water he is funnier than the omnibus box at the opera. When a man can be funny on fizzy water you can bet that his humor is natural. The Quaint Club is going to exhibit its president on the 18th proximo, when it will give a St. Valentine's dinner at the Waldorf. Inasmuch as the Quaints have not had a dinner for more than a year they are as full of jokes as a Christmas turkey is of chestnuts. This simile is not suggested by the fact that Quaint Daniels is connected with the New York Central.

Ye Quaint President.

All my old favorites among the pigeon poppers shot wretchedly at Larchmont yesterday. Edgar Gibbes (don't forget the Gibbes) Murphy's trigger finger went back on him completely, while Fred Hoey, Joe Knapp, "Long Lou" Davenport and Yale Dolan shot as though they had been given the dope. If it hadn't been for George Work my heart would have been broken completely. He was the only one that was in it with this newcomer, McAlpin. There was one good thing, however, that will please everybody. The contestants shot under their own names. There was none of that tommy rot of assuming names as though they were ashamed of what they were doing Augie Belmont set a good example when he decided to discard the "Blemton Stables" and race under his own name, and it seems to be followed generally by gentlemen in all kinds of sport.

Caught in the Metropolitan Whirl.

Seven New York music halls claim great Rigo wed—

In only one the gypsy fiddler fled.

Little did we think a few years ago of the important things that were a-brewing in this town. Rigo, who has since won the enviable distinction of having eloped with one of the few American Princesses to be found in the Almanach de Gotha, was then fiddling away for dear life in a Hungarian band, attracting so little attention that the most eminent of the city's historians are in doubt as to what music hall or cafe he actually played in. He is recalled with vivid distinctness, it is true, by the press agents of no less than seven of these establishments, and some of these have interesting reminiscences of his life here, skilfully dovetailed in with facts relative to some current attraction. Certain it is, however, that, like others of his class, Rigo played by ear, which gave him the opportunity denied to so many musicians of gazing about during the concert and making eyes at the different ladies in the audience. And while Rigo was fiddling, the now famous Otero was lumbering about the stage of the Eden Musee, vainly trying to win fame on Carmencita lines. The Barrison sisters had just been discovered by Pearl Eytinge, and Count Bernstoff, whose marriage to Sophie of that garden of hemstitched, plaited and beruffled girls is chronicled in this year's edition of the great authority just named, was floating about New York, making a living as best he could by writing for the German newspapers, selling wine and "touching" the more prosperous of his fellow-countrymen, many of whom helped him because of what his father had been when he was in the diplomatic service in Prussia.

An eye for the ladies.

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Of the many exotic nobles who have found a home in New York during the past decade few have come here with better credentials, so far as title and position are concerned, than the young Simpleton who ran away with Sophie Barrison. The elder Bernstoff was for a very long period prior to the war of 1870 Prussian Ambassador to the Court of St. James, and on such terms of intimacy with the royal family of the country to which he was accredited that on the occasion of the christening of his child—the same one who now proudly claims kinship by marriage, if not by blood, with such distinguished lights of the artistic world as Lona Barrison and William Fleron—Her Majesty went in person to the Prussian Embassy in London and held the infant in her arms during the ceremony.

From the arms of the Queen of England to those of a Barrison! The beginning and the climax of a career that points its own impressive moral to youth, whether blue blooded or of the common or garden kind.

During his stay in New York, Bernstoff consorted with the other members of the nobility who frequented the cafes Martin and Manhattan, and the different places of refreshment along Third avenue. He was a garrulous, credulous character, who never learned anything by experience. He became the agent for a champagne house, but never seemed to realize that he was employed to get rid of his firm's goods by a bill of sale, and not by his own consumption. He argued that if he went into a cafe with a band of congenial friends of the sort that brighten up and begin to take notice at the sight of a "wine opener" on the arrival and drank up all of his own particular brand of champagne that there was in the bar, the proprietors of the place would be compelled to order some more. If he did not drink the wine, he reasoned, he was certain that no one else would. From this it will be seen that Count Bernstoff never secured a really firm grasp on the great principles of commerce. But at least it may be said of him—and is said still by those in whose memory he lingers—that he can float into a friendly German camp like that of the late Baron de Grimm, for example), borrow two dollars and float out again, with a greater degree of speed and quiet than any other member of New York's noblesse.

APPLES OF GOLD.

Why should we trouble borrow,
To turn our ringlets gray?
The snow that falls to-morrow
Can't turn to rain to-day.

The goat the cowhide sole whole
Engulfs with pleasure grim,
Nor marvels of the coal hole
Fate has in store for him.

Make life a romping May-day,
Yen, make it hop and hum,
Nor worry of the pay day,
That may or may not come.

Though fleeting time will stop not
In ripping out our hair,
We still should brush our topknot,
And polish it with care.

The acid soon will sever
The brickbat and the gold.
The pancake's cold forever,
When but a moment cold.

No frost however nipping
Can blast the bud of hope;
The water slowly dripping
Will wear away the soap.

Although the festive youth brush
His coat to keep it prime,
It doesn't prove the toothbrush
Can beat the teeth of time.

There is no patent dry plate
That pictures to the eye
The anguish of the pie plate
That mourns the vanished pie.

To all the lively bidders,
No prize at auction falls—
The elephant ne'er considers
His tusks as billiard balls.

And so I'll hurl my kersey
About myself for flight,
Or for my town in Jersey
I'll catch no train to-night.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

THE EDITOR.

By Leslie Jacobson, 196 Pearl street, Brooklyn; School No. 1; teacher, Miss Sentell. In the Evening Journal's prize composition contest.

The Evening Journal is a very good paper. I like to read the funny page. It makes me laugh very much. When I grow to be a man I will try very hard to be an editor. I think editors have a very good time, they can go to all the theatres, base ball games, dog shows, prize fights, &c., without paying. The Journal has a nice lot of editors and I think they must get about $15 a week. I wish I could earn that much myself. I wish the Evening Journal luck and also wish I will get one of the prizes.